

The Fifth of the Fourth by CockAsInTheBird

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Summary:

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Yet when Steve leans in to whisper in one girl's ear, causing her to giggle excessively and bash her eyes at him, Billy's heart beats all wrong, fingers tightening around the neck of his bottle. It triggers that good old fight instinct in him, the one that used to make him throw fists with Steve before that handsome brunette dared kiss him.

The Fifth of the Fourth

There's a lot of things that Billy Hargrove loves about 4th of July. How loud the fireworks are, the chance to set something on fire without reprimand, barbecue food that reminds him of beach parties back home, beer just tastes better for some reason, the summer heat, and how scantily clad *everyone is*.

Guys with their exposed muscles, girls in their tiny bikinis.

Billy walks through the far too inebriated crowd spread out across the quarry, a beer in hand that is quickly warming up in his sweaty grasp, seemingly aimless in the way he looks at everyone who greets him all excited, then clearly disappointed that he didn't stop to talk past pleasantries.

No, Billy is on a hunt; a hungry wolf looking for one specific lamb, no other temptations can match the urge for one pretty boy's attention.

And he finds Steve Harrington, dressed in shorts too revealing and a top that ends just by his navel, leaning against the hood of someone's car. Three girls in short skirts and bikini tops standing *awfully close* to him, listening intently - *or at least pretending to* - as he smiles all friendly and gestures with his red plastic cup to really emphasise whatever he's saying.

Envy isn't a thing Billy experiences, *nah*, definitely not, he reminds himself as he takes too big a gulp of his beer, yet it stirs sourly in the sudden pit of his stomach. They're not dating, so he has no right to feel jealous about anything going on in front of him currently.

Yet when Steve leans in to whisper in one girl's ear, causing her to giggle excessively and bash her eyes at him, Billy's heart beats all *wrong*, fingers tightening around the neck of his bottle. It triggers that good old fight instinct in him, the one that used to make him throw fists with Steve before that handsome brunette dared *kiss him*.

Nothing's been the same since- *fucking Harrington*; Billy was perfectly fine before that, *completely*, and now? Now he can't stop thinking about their first time. Their second time. Their third. Fourth.

And what their fifth time might be like. Not that he's keeping count, of course. Not that he's anticipating it. Or thinking about it. *Dreaming about it*. Hoping...

Like a magnet to metal, Steve turns his head and his eyes lock right onto Billy's, looking drunk but *aware* of how he's being *leered at*. Something in his hooded gaze tells more than it should, like a confession to curiosity, answering questions that haven't yet been asked. At least not in so many words.

Billy takes a long swig of his beer, emptying the bottle and throwing it off to the side, then lets his eyes wander *down* - far enough for there to be absolutely no doubt what he's thinking about, and from the way Steve smiles next only shows, "*Message received.*"

When Steve kicks off of the hood and moves to walk away from his little fangroup, one of the girls grabs on to his arm, with pleading eyes and a slight pout she says something Billy can't hear, pressing her arms together to *accentuate her tits*, and Billy honestly can't blame Steve for looking down at the inviting, soft flesh for a few seconds too many, before making up an excuse that sets him free.

The disappointment on all their faces *feeds Billy's narcissism immensely*, and it shows in the grin that cracks across his face. Ah to know that he's the first choice of princess Stevie's desire, it washes away all that doubtful jealousy with warm waves of *aroused excitement*.

Steve stumbles just a slight bit as he approaches Billy, inebriated and smiling. "Hey Hargrove, got a smoke?"

Billy teases with his tongue out, biting down on it with shiny teeth, and *oh the thrill* when Steve's eyes dart down to watch Billy wet his lips and appetite.

"Sure I do," he says with the most *suggestive grin*. "But not here, otherwise everyone else will want to bum a smoke, too."

Not an actual concern, but a plausible excuse to *get Steve alone*.

Twigs bend and snap under Billy's heavy footfall, and *perhaps* he didn't think this through, walking in the forest in flip flops. Every time he turns to look behind, Steve's still there, following with his eyes cast down to calculate every step before taking it, brows knit and eyes squinting in concentration.

The music is still audible at this distance, but all the lights from cars and bonfires have been obscured by trees.

Billy can't imagine anyone bothered following them all the way out here, and since he can only hear the faint pop music and Steve stumbling near, decides that, yeah, this is far enough.

Steve goes to slump against a tree, looking at Billy who fishes up a pack of cigs. "I didn't actually follow you out here to smoke."

"Oh really?" Billy chuckles deep and shoves the pack back into the pocket of his swimming trunks. "Just thought it'd be more courteous of me to offer you some anyways, but-"

One finger hooks itself on those red trunks and drags Billy closer till he lands close against Steve's heated body.

"Eager, huh? *Ah-*" Billy *hisses* as Steve grinds their hips together, proving that he's already sporting more than half a chub.

"I've been thinking about you for *hours*," Steve admits with a slight slur, fingers working at the drawstrings of those red shorts. "Just *waiting* for you to show up, always fashionably late, wanna make sure everyone sees you, right?"

"Nothin' wrong with liking being noticed," Billy drawls with his nose pressed against Steve's cheek, pursing his lips just enough to offer up light, almost chaste, kisses. "I'm more than worthy of the attention, don't you think?"

"*I do*," a whisper, and Steve turns his head to meet those gentle lips, just to then feel the breath of a moan graze his sweaty skin as he wraps his fingers around Billy's *girthy cock*.

It teeters on the edge of uncomfortable, how stern a grasp Steve holds on his dick, the awkward movement of a clammy hand, but Billy grows *hard quickly* nevertheless, leaving him cursing and groaning.

“*Fuck baby, ah-h...*”

Steve smiles all too self-satisfied for doing such a half assed job.

With both arms extended above each of Steve’s shoulders, Billy braces himself against the tree, and when they kiss again - tongues dancing to the distant rhythm - he can taste absolutely every single sip of alcohol Steve’s had tonight, and Billy’s convinced it makes his own head spin a little.

“I want you *so bad, Billy*,” Steve whines all horny and pathetic into the embrace of their lips.

“Then turn around,” Billy’s voice is rough, demanding, confident, and he takes a step back to free up some space between them.

Steve lets out a *shuddering breath* at the chilling air between where their sweaty bodies had been connected, then swivels on his heels till his palms land firmly against rough bark. He pushes out his ass, serving it up on a silver platter, gazing over his shoulder to catch how Billy’s smiling all *wicked* and *wild*.

Billy runs his hand down the exposed bit of Steve’s back, where his crop top and shorts can’t reach, skin warm and soft and slightly damp from the summer heat. He dips a couple of fingers beneath the elastic waistband.

“Dressed a bit like a *slut* tonight, pretty boy,” he hums pleasantly and pulls at the shorts, just to let go and have it *snap* back, loudly.

An *oddly delighted* gasp escapes Steve. “Just for *you*.”

Billy’s hand had wandered down to caress a soft cheek, going further down to tease the skin just beneath the leg of the shorts.

“You really that *needy* and *desperate* for my attention?” His lips part in a grin, exposing sharp teeth that he licks across; a little predatory show that Steve absolutely notices.

“That’s not all I’m *desperate* for.”

Steve stretches out his arms proper and pushes himself against where Billy’s cock is rock hard, eliciting a groan followed by two hands grabbing all too hard onto Steve’s hips.

With his grasp bruising, Billy keeps Steve still as he ruts himself against the plush of Steve’s ass, both of them moaning as he slips and slides his full erection in the crevice between cheeks.

“Ah- Billy- please please *please*, I need *more*,” Steve whines with his head hanging low.

Billy chuckles, like rolling thunder in his chest, as he leans forward to bury his face in the crook of Steve’s neck, one hand slipping around and *down* to cup at Steve’s aching prick. He strokes it through the shorts, following the entire length up and down, Steve whimpering and panting and *thrusting* for more, as a wet spot forms by the head.

“*God*, you’re so *wet* and *hard* for me, baby,” Billy drawls, biting, kissing, sucking his way up Steve’s neck, marking him with his *attention*; *make everyone know*.

Thumbs hook themselves on the waistband to pull down the shorts just past the curve of supple cheeks, keeping his weeping dick trapped still.

“No underwear?” He brings his tongue to lick a sloppy line up Steve’s neck, nosing at the back of his ear, then breathes out hot, “Such a *whore*.”

Steve inhales as if to speak, to respond, but *unadulterated lust* occupies his mind like a thick fog, and all that comes out is a slight, erotic, “*Fuck*.”

And Billy brings his hand up to those pretty pink lips, pushing his way in without invitation, just to feel Steve’s tongue eagerly wrap itself around the two digits, letting Billy roam free in the wet heat till his fingers are dripping, spit running down his palm and wrist. Steve’s always so sloppy and obscene and *greedy*, which is what Billy *loves* about him.

He brings those slick fingers between them, down to circle around Steve's rim, teasing with the tip applying just enough pressure for it to be *agonizingly inadequate*, making Steve whimper as he tries to move his hips in hopes of *more*.

Billy's not a bad guy per se, at least not towards Steve anymore, so he gives *his princess* what he's begging for and slips in a finger, smooth and easy, as deep as it goes, and he can feel how Steve *trembles* with delight. Relentlessly so, Billy pulls the finger almost all the way out, before plunging it back in again - setting a quick pace, but Steve's *hungry*.

"Ah-h, *more*, Billy," he moans with his head thrown back, mouth wide open to allow out every single *lascivious little sound* he has in him.

"Sssshh," Billy hushes where he's quick to lean in to whisper in Steve's ear, "Be quiet and I'll give you what you want. Can't have people hear you and come looking for us."

"What's the matter, hmm? Ah- afraid of getting caught with your pants down?" Steve laughs but in a low manner, ultimately proving he's following orders.

And truth be told yes, Billy *is* afraid to get caught like this with another guy, but that just makes this all the more *thrilling*. So without words and choosing actions instead, he with his one free hand covers Steve's wide open mouth before pushing a second finger into his soft hole.

Thankfully so, for the way Steve moans in utter *glee* vibrates against the palm of Billy's hand.

"God you need it *so bad*, huh princess? Need my cock in you?" his voice thick with wanton and self-restraint.

Steve mumbles out in agreement.

It doesn't take long before he adds a third finger, and there's an immediate *ecstatic* response from Steve, who suddenly can't help himself as he reaches behind to grab Billy by the wrist and tries to push him in *deeper*.

"Such an impatient little *slut* tonight," Billy barks out in laughter and *curls* his fingers. He can feel every single muscle twitch and tremble at it, and the way Steve keens makes his own hard prick *throb* with *desire*.

"*Mmh, ah-* please, Billy, *fuck me*," Steve tears his mouth free from Billy's grasp, lips wet with drool.

"Lucky for you I brought lube and a condom with your name on it," Billy snickers as he reaches into his own back pocket for the small packs, when Steve complains,

"N-no, no condom, *please*," he pleads all pathetic, twisting around till their eyes meet through the darkness. "I want to feel you inside of me, nothing between us."

Billy doesn't have to think twice about that. The condom was a nice courtesy on his behalf, so that Steve wouldn't have to walk around with cum dripping down his thighs, but if he wants it so bad...

With one hand he undoes the drawstrings of his shorts, with the other he holds the little silver pack of lube up to his teeth as he tears it open. The liquid is warm from the summer heat as he pours it on his *steely cock*, moaning as he strokes himself a few good times to cover up properly before lining up with Steve's *eager entrance*.

"Yes, *ohh*," spills from Steve's open lips as Billy enters him; the fat, blunt head stretching him out nice and wide.

And Billy keeps pushing in, inch by inch till they're flush together, Steve sandwiched between Billy's broad frame and the tree where his nails dig into the bark.

"You got such a nice, tight ass, pretty boy. So *perfect* for my cock," Billy *growls* into Steve's ear, teeth scraping against the shell of it as he stands as close as he can get.

Steve doesn't have command of his own words at this moment, he can barely even hum out in agreeance as he's overcome with blinding lust.

Slowly at first Billy pulls out before sliding in in one smooth

movement, out again and in as he carefully increases the pace to the rhythm of Steve's moans. He's starting to learn the pattern of the sounds Steve makes when he's getting thoroughly fucked. A certain whine when he needs *more, harder, faster*. A deep, guttural groan when it's all just perfect. A string of high pitched curses whenever Billy rams into his prostate.

And the way Steve clenches tighter than any pussy Billy's ever had whenever he's close is almost *gorgeous* in a sense. With his eyes closed and forehead pressed against Steve's shoulder, Billy *thrusts* into that indescribable heat, feeling how every muscle *needs his cock*, milking and massaging him, urging him deeper and *deeper*.

"*Arrh fuck, feel so good.*" He grabs on to Steve's hips with both hands, *pounding* into him with ardent fervor, leaving poor Steve with the responsibility of covering up his own mouth.

Blame it on the liquor or Billy's expert fucking, *if he do say so himself*, no matter which it has Steve cumming in near record time with an obscene, loud whine as he bites into his hand in an attempt to fight back his impulse to be heard.

It feels like *magic*, the way Steve's climaxing body sucks Billy in, every single muscle convulsing around him.

"Yes, *god*, just like that, *oh Steve* I'm so close," he groans out, strong and throaty, slamming in harder to get what he needs now that Steve has gotten his.

He leans back, one hand on Steve's shoulder, pushing him against the tree as he *pounds* as hard as he can, staring down at where his girthy cock gets swallowed so eagerly, grinning at the oh so satisfying sound of skin slapping together almost violently so.

"*Ahh fuck, Billy,*" Steve whines, somewhat euphoric, somewhat sore, all together *enjoying being used so easily*.

"That's right, *bitch*, say my name."

"*Billy!*"

"Yes."

“Billy-”

“*Shit, yes, arh--*”

He cums with what feels like an *explosion* of *ecstasy* in his groin, radiating out and up his spine to flourish in his chest as he fills Steve up with every last bit of energy that he has in him; a pulsating, slick heat that he buries himself in to the base of his *throbbing cock*.

But he doesn't linger. As soon as they've both caught their breath he pulls out, well satisfied with his work as he slaps Steve's ass lightly with his tongue out between teeth, chuckling at the little *yelp* that comes with it.

“Jesus, Harrington, that was fucking *good*,” he says as he puts himself away again in his swimming trunks.

Truth be told he wants to stay. Hell, he even wants to cuddle a bit, but it's too soon to tell if Steve wants the same. No matter the answer, Billy isn't sure he wants to know. Instead of thinking too long about what could be, he fishes up a cigarette and lights it quickly so that the smoke may fill the emptiness inside.

Steve's a whole mess still. Basking in the afterglow, slow to pull up his shorts and turn around, just to steal the cigarette from between Billy's lips and taking a drag himself.

“*Really* good, yeah,” he breathes out in sweet relief, then dares to ask, “*What now?*”

Like it's a fucking invitation for more. To open up. To tell the truth. Every possibility flies through Billy's mind all at once, but he plays it safe,

“I could use a drink.”